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Woman's Work for Woman.

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THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

SHALL WE?

The following paper is from the pen of the widow of the late Rev. Dr. John H. Morrison, of India, who originated the idea of observing the first week in January as a week of prayer for the descent of the Holy Spirit throughout the world:

My sisters, the Week of Prayer is at hand. When was that week first observed? Who originated it? Let us look at the record. "Behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you: but *tarry ye* in the city until ye be clothed with power from on high." "And they returned to Jerusalem with great joy:" and "these all with one accord continued steadfastly in prayer, with the women." The risen, ascending Jesus, with hands uplifted in blessing, having commissioned His followers to "go forth," with His last word bids them *tarry*. What for? In idle waiting for the fulfillment of the promise? Not so. They tarry, and they pray. What do they pray for? For the object indicated by the Lord Himself, even the baptism of the Holy Ghost, long foretold by the prophets, now promised by the Redeemer. They pray "with one accord," "in one place," for one thing; pray day after day, "steadfastly,"—and Pentecost is the result! "This," says Peter, "this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour

out of my Spirit upon all flesh." That was the first Week of Prayer, and the Lord of Life was Himself the originator.

Our needs are great and varied. Each individual, each congregation, each church and denomination, knows its own necessities. What is near at hand is clearly seen; burdens that press upon us daily cannot be forgotten; and we pray accordingly. Shall we do this, and no more, during the coming week? Or shall we open our eyes, enlarge our sympathies, and take in the needs of those who are afar off, even the needs of the whole world? In spiritual matters, as in temporal, "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." What is there, that we ourselves need, which is not included in the gift of the Holy Spirit? Shall we then selfishly pray only—or even chiefly—for ourselves; or shall we now, for one week, pray for the general good? If we can forget ourselves, and pray as the disciples prayed, as the originator of the Week of Prayer bids us pray, we shall not go away empty ourselves. "They were *all* filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." That "all" included the women too! Shall we not also put ourselves in the way of being thus blessed? Shall we not for one week meet together, with simple obedience, and plead day after day the one promise, petition for the one gift, for the obtaining of which that week was appointed?

But let us be in harmony with the spirit of the prayer we are to pray. Let us forget for a time our private and local wants—even the spiritual ones—and let our hearts go out with mighty, irresistible desire for a blessing on *all flesh*. The millions who have never heard, who do not want to hear, of the only way of salvation, who are steeped in debasing superstition, or lifted up in the pride of a false creed—what power can move them, but the power of the Holy Ghost? Among those millions there are souls, here and there, blindly groping after light, burdened with a sense of sin, performing painful penances and weary pilgrimages in the hope of finding pardon and peace: who but the Spirit of God can speak the word that shall give them rest? Among those millions there are hundreds, and even thousands, well acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, having cast off all faith in their own false creeds, intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity, but with hearts burdened by unbelief and the love of the world. Where is the power that can melt those hearts of stone, and bend those proud and stubborn wills? In the Spirit alone. And shall we not pray for the outpouring of that Spirit on all flesh? We, who have been saved, who know the burden of sin, who can appreciate the greatness of our deliverance, shall we not *agonize* in pity

and prayer for those who are too blind to pity or fear for themselves? The world needs the moving, converting power of the Spirit, God is ready to bestow it, Jesus has ascended that the Spirit may come: what hinders the fullness of the blessing? "Thus saith the Lord God: I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Oh, let us "inquire," let us hunger and thirst, let us give Him no peace until He pours out His Spirit in abundant overflowing measure upon all flesh! "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence, and give Him no rest until that He establish."

Perhaps you hesitate to confine yourselves to but one subject in prayer. The meetings must be made interesting, and it will be so monotonous to have one topic day after day. Listen to the experience of a feeble church, on foreign mission ground. Prayer-meetings had been thinly attended, the church seemed dull and lifeless, it seemed impossible to rouse much interest. When the Week of Prayer came round, last January, the missionaries in charge, contrary to usual custom, cast aside all programmes and lists of topics, and resolved to confine themselves and the meetings solely to pleading for the outpouring of the Spirit on all flesh. It was a bold measure, ventured in faith, and it had its reward. So far from proving monotonous, it seemed that the prayer took stronger hold on all hearts by the frequency of repetition. The interest in that one petition, the fervor in pleading it, grew from day to day. The meetings steadily increased in numbers and interest, and had to be protracted for weeks beyond the usual time, to the manifest benefit of the church. It was the conviction of the missionaries that this result was wholly due to their having gone back to the original purpose for which the observance of the week was appointed. There can be no monotony in simple obedience to the commands of infinite Wisdom; there can be no lack of life and vigor when childlike faith lays hold of the gift held out by the Lord of Life. Shall we test it?

Perhaps you shrink from praying this prayer, lest it should result in sending *you* "far hence unto the Gentiles." Perhaps you fear to pray for the abundant outpouring of the Spirit, lest it might compel you to relinquish some cherished desire, or to acquiesce in some unwished-for arrangement. Let us be honest with God. We pray, "*Thy* will be done:" do we mean it? Shall we let Him take us at our word and *do* His will in us and to us? We pray, "Thy kingdom come:" are we ready to let His kingdom come unreservedly into *our* hearts? Let us look calmly and resolutely at this whole question. We are not our own, we are His, purchased by Him for Himself. Then we must be bound to obey Him, and that not in our own way, but in His.

Then are we bound to obey *every* command, privileged to plead *every* promise. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . . and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

Is it not plain? Do we need any further telling? For one whole blessed week let us unite our hearts and voices, unite with all the Church of God here below, in importuning our heavenly Father for the fulfillment of His precious promise, pleading with the loving importunity of dear children, who will not be denied because they know that their petition is according to His will. Let us pray together, pray alone, pray everywhere, until our hearts are fired by intense and holy longing for the answer, until our souls are filled with eager, confident expectation of the rich fulfillment. Sisters, shall we thus keep the coming Week of Prayer? Forgetting ourselves, forgetting our own plans and methods, shall we simply obey? Let every heart answer with a glad and solemn "Yes!"

AN EVENING AT THE NEW OGOVE STATION.

I WISH to write you from the new and strange home at Talaguga. Dr. Nassau was, when he first settled here, the keeper of the most advanced post, either mission or trading, on this river. About three weeks ago, a German passed us to establish a trading house some eight days beyond your last mission outpost. I have the honor of being the first white woman who has ever trodden these paths, though I am only the distance of two days' travel in advance of several others. I am writing in our little tent—ten ft. by ten ft. It is on the bank of the Ogove, which runs past it swiftly, though in a much narrower basin than at Kangwe. The river view is not as extended nor as fine as at Kangwe, but the grounds are much more romantic and picturesque. Large boulders lie tumbled together in wild confusion; the bed of a little stream that is now dry needs only the dashing water to complete its beauty of fern-covered rocks, with here a quiet surface and there a laughing waterfall. On the other side runs our beautifully sparkling water, and even in this extremely dry season I hear its noise like the falling of heavy rain; during the wet season it becomes a torrent. But the upper and lower springs—one with a sudden fall of ten feet, with its jagged rock, its crystal pools, and its beautiful waterfall—would need more space than I could give to-night to describe them, had I the ability to do so. But I do not feel in the humor of brilliant

descriptions to-night; I am passing through one of my new and strange experiences.

My husband started this morning down the river to cut from certain forests a kind of bamboo which is needed to complete the roof of our little house on the hillside. Several men, natives, from tribes that belong nearer the sea, and are therefore advanced (!) in civilization, have been making the mats for the roof, and ought to bring everything needed to complete the roof. This is the difficulty: the forests where this bamboo grows are surrounded by the dreaded Fanwe, and all other tribes stand in great fear of the restless, fearless, cannibalistic Fanwe. So the only way to secure the needed poles was for the missionary to go himself with his men and cut the bamboo from the forest and bring it to the station.

He expected to be back by seven o'clock; it is now after nine. I am sitting by our little table, where the supper is spread, awaiting the absent; the single candle gives me light. Were you with me, you would find in the tent two cots, a table, two rude cupboards improvised from freight boxes, and three chairs—so I could give you a comfortable seat, at least. I think you would smile at our limited supply of table furniture, and perhaps would not enjoy our fare—boiled rice, and a native-made dish called *egewu*, whose principal ingredient is fish. Once a week we indulge in fruit, and to-night it is dried apples. Our supply of bread has been wanting for more than a week. Rice and tea for breakfast and tea and rice for supper has been the order. We have butter and sugar, which help greatly, only I shall be glad when our supply of flour comes. There is no scarcity of it at Kangwe, but we cannot get it here. When we came, I did not intend to remain as long, therefore our supplies do not correspond to our wants. But for a long time our orders must be large and sent in advance, or this trouble will occur, even more seriously, again. This is enough for the supper.

If you should step to the door of the tent, you would notice the dense darkness in forest and over the river. Only a step would bring you to the door of our hut, which we use as kitchen and store-room, where now sleeps my little girl. Within reach of her hand stands our stove, a mere skeleton of one, the oven, grates, etc., entirely gone; on the bottom lie a few smouldering coals, while the smoke comes from all sides into the room. A few steps to your right is the open shed where our workmen sleep. You would not see it, because of the darkness; you would know of its existence only by the groans and incoherent words of a sick man who lies there alone. These are my only companions—a sleeping child and a fevered, prostrated man. The sounds of insects in the trees and the croaking of frogs at the waterside are the only additional sounds, and thus I wait. This is the second letter written

since the waiting began. There is no need to fear wild beasts, as the Fanwe—such inveterate hunters—have frightened them away. I might fear the Fanwe, who frequently pass our tent door at night, still I do not think they will trouble me. The Fanwe have recently shown themselves very troublesome, to say the least, having fired on several passing canoes. Our own men were thus attacked last week at night while fishing. The Fanwe assert that they did not know it was Nassau's boat, or they would not have shot. No one was hurt, neither do I think the husband will be so molested to-night. But one of the days, in the journey to Talaguga, ran into the night before we reached our camping ground. I remember well the straining of eyes that were then paining severely, in order to keep out of the swift current in the middle of the river, yet fearing to run upon the fallen trees whose trunks and projecting branches obstruct the waters near the bank. So to-night the current is swift, the load heavy, the crew weak, perhaps rebellious, and why am I not afraid? I certainly have every reason to be. I just now stepped to the bank, but the opposite hill, rising so abruptly from the waters, in the dim light seemed a forbidding spectre that sent me back to the light of the candle, which, comparatively, is not dim. I do fear, but these fears are not overpowering at all. Why? You know that a Presence that urges to duty gives comfort in the performance, that——

A sharp report of a gun startled me, and before its reverberations among our hills ceased, another and still another followed in too quick succession to be from a native fire-arm, so I felt sure it was the husband. I lighted a native *ojo*, or torch, and went down the hillside to the waterside to welcome the incoming canoes.

It was just ten, and though very weary, the missionary and his crew were unharmed, and had been delayed only because of slowness of workmen and of the largeness of work done. Before the food-boxes, paddles, etc., had been stored in their places, a heavy rain began—very heavy for the dry season. And when we gathered for prayer, it was under the boys' shed. Thick darkness around us, rain falling; a few feet before us is a camp-fire blazing; ranged near us on logs are the four forms of our boys and the little girl, while directly behind them, hidden by a mosquito net, is the sick man. The lighted torch, sputtering in the dampness, throws a weird light near and around, but makes the outer darkness only more dense. But we were sheltered from the storm, and were safely brought together again, had only the story of protection from evil and accidents to tell, so that it was with hearts more than full of thankfulness that our voices were raised in the native hymn, "Come, let us sing of Jesus;" and as the notes rang out upon the silence of forest and river, they passed from hill-top to hill-top,

surely reaching the ear of Him who sits upon that throne whose foundations are the eternal mountains. If ever God sends messengers to comfort His people, they were with us then; better even than this, God Himself was present, giving great peace, and the choked voices and full eyes expressed not the absence but the excess of joy, deep and true. Our evening meal finished, we were somewhat startled by the presence of water under our feet.

MONDAY, *September* 4.

We are in a state of much excitement. Mr. Reading, from Kangwe, arrived here this afternoon at two o'clock. He tells us that last week, Monday, he sent to us a canoe filled with supplies for ourselves and our men. The crew were entirely of natives, but started without any fear; they arrived within three hours of us, when they were fired upon by Fanwe. It was just at day-break; three shots took effect, making ugly holes in boxes, but just missing the men. They were so frightened that they turned back with all the load, and reached Kangwe on Thursday morning. The afternoon of the same day, Mr. Reading, well armed for all emergencies, started back over the same dangerous path. Providence protected him, and though the people at one point appeared threatening, they did not fire, and he reached us safely. What all these ugly menaces on the part of our neighbors will lead to we cannot tell—still God will care for us. MARY B. NASSAU.

TALAGUGA, OGOVE RIVER, W. AFRICA.

THE native Christians employed as colporteurs and evangelists by the various missions assist in conducting the services in the chapels, and quite as often conduct them themselves; they also go out into the streets, and the neighboring villages and towns, distributing tracts and Testaments, preaching and conversing with the people. Young men under training for this work occasionally go out to help; and there are those engaged in ordinary business who delight to take part from time to time in these evangelistic labors. Oh, that Christians at home would go and do likewise—go everywhere, in streets and lanes and villages, preaching the Word, and the Lord would certainly be with them, and His power be present to heal.—*Memoir of the Rev. William C. Burns.*

"CHRIST did not send, but came Himself, to save;
The ransom price He did not lend, but gave;
Christ died—the Shepherd for the sheep:
We only fall asleep."

Words from our Missionaries.

MEXICO.

Miss Mary E. Cochrane, Monterey.—I can find no songs in Spanish suitable to teach my pupils; so far I have made use of English songs, which are very difficult for the children, and it would be of great use to me if some one could translate poems and songs that I give them. The Spanish literature is so meagre in good books for the young that so far we have been able to give our girls very little good reading; they are always delighted to have anything to read, and have read all the Sabbath-school papers and tracts that we could furnish them. I am told that several of Scott's novels, Prescott's "Mexico," and the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" have been translated, and I hope to be able to purchase some of them to read with the girls this year.

We have a very poor map of Mexico, the best one published being still beyond our means.

We are about to reorganize the woman's prayer-meeting, and with divine help hope to succeed in sustaining it and arousing some interest.

Miss Snow, Mexico City, October 4.—The school is going on nicely. We have moved to the *patio* room, which is certainly nearly a hundred per cent. better as regards light and heat. Have I written you of the little prayer-meetings which we five missionary teachers have every Monday afternoon? They are very helpful. Next Monday the ladies come here.

N. A. INDIANS.

Miss Dickson, Poplar Creek, Montana Territory, October 2, announces the beginning of winter there:—"We had a snow storm last Saturday, and it has been quite wintry since then."

Miss S. L. McBeth, Kamiah, Idaho, September 25.—"Our boys" who have gone as missionaries to the Spokanes and Umatillas will start Sabbath-schools as soon as possible, but they need Sunday-school papers, etc., which they are not able to purchase. Can some of the friends supply them regularly? The pictures are a great attraction in the children's homes too, and help in the enlightening even of those who cannot read. A friend in St. Louis did more good missionary work, in the first years after I came here, than he will ever know here, by sending me many pictures and picture cards illustrating Bible scenes and truths. Few pictures had been in Nez Perces land before, and these attracted strongly, particularly the colored ones. Some of these pictures and picture cards I made into little books, and our boys in leisure hours would

go with them from lodge to lodge, and tell the listening, wondering groups around the fire or door the story of the picture, which they in turn would tell to others. Often a picture given to a visitor would carry its story to distant neighborhoods.

Do some of the friends who cannot go to the heathen wish to do like missionary work among the Spokanes and Umatillas? They can do it by sending there such Bible pictures and picture cards. They cannot well send too many. For the Spokanes, address Rev. Enoch Pond, Walker's Prairie, Washington Territory; for the Umatillas, Rev. Silas H. Whitman and Rev. William Wheeler, Pendleton, Oregon.

[Who will send their Sunday-school papers regularly to these places, after they have been read at home? And who will send such pictures as are asked for?—Ed. W. W.]

Miss Lillian Green, formerly of the Creek Mission.—Our Indians are not the stoics found in school histories, where the men sit moodily by the camp-fire, sullenly eating up all of the good things, leaving only the bones and crumbs to the poor unloved women and children shivering in the cold corner of the bark or skin-covered wigwams. No, they are men and women with hearts filled with love and pride for their children. And they are just as glad and happy as their more favored white sisters would be to have their loved ones enter their homes again filling them with noise and joy, after ten long months of weary silence. The mother-heart was filled with foreboding care lest the absent ones did not have enough to eat or sufficient to wear, or might be sick, while the father wished the place was not so lonesome. So you can imagine the joy of the united families.

Miss MacClarry, Chippewa Mission, Ashland, Wis.—The Indian agent has given me a supply of medicines for my sick people, which will be a great help to me, for you know they are expensive.

We are to have a prayer-meeting this evening, and I have to get a hanging lamp for the church. Is it not good that we have a place of our own to worship in? You will think it very lowly perhaps when you see it, but the Lord meets with us there always.

Miss S. A. Dougherty, Odanah, Wis.—The boarding-school was opened day before yesterday, and we hope soon to be going on, a happy family of teachers and taught, with Jesus our guide and common teacher. The number, I suppose, will be limited to fourteen. I feel more than ever that we shall need the wisdom and help which comes from above, to teach, guide and guard these little ones in the right way, and bring them all safe to the feet of Jesus. I think I need not ask you for prayer that we may be guided by the Spirit.

The day school has been very well attended, the daily number

being over forty, most of them quite regular. But as the Roman Catholics have just put up a building for a school which they intend opening very soon, I suppose quite a large number will leave to go there, for they are making great promises of superiority in every way. I think that it has been providential that our boarding-school is in progress before theirs is started. We can only leave the result with God and do our best.

INDIA.

Miss Esther E. Patton, Ratnagiri.—I can assure you that your loving gifts and letters, while they strengthen my hands for the work, also bind me a hundred fold stronger to you. I love to think that your gifts have the double meaning; they speak of personal love and interest, but more of heartfelt, earnest love for the great work in which God has called me, "even me," to labor.

If my part of the work be successful, my success is yours, because you have held up my hands and inspired me by your sympathy expressed in words and generous deeds.

Miss Blunt, Futtehgurh, September 16.—Yes, we have real need of your prayers and sympathies, for our seed-sowing seems to progress so slowly. Year by year to go forth and scatter the precious gospel messages, and yet to see no one accepting them! Of one thing we have real cause for thankfulness, and that is that so many doors are opening, and we are received gladly. . . .

While sitting in the house of one of my pupils one day, a number of young boys came in. She was telling me that she was a delicate woman, and what her ailments were. Before I had time to advise her to go to the charitable dispensary close by, a lad turned upon her and said, "Why don't you get scraps of paper written by a *Maulvi*, and wear them on your person? All sickness would be charmed away." Of course he was talked to about the foolishness of such practices, and opened his eyes in wonder when I said that we did not wear such things.

A few weeks ago I was asked by an old man to visit his daughter. She had become a widow, and being young, a Brahmin and an only daughter, her case seemed a sad one indeed. The old mother when introducing her to me said, "Here is a pupil that God has prepared for you to teach, for it is for just such bereaved ones that learning and words of wisdom are meant." She is taking lessons in reading, and her brother teaches her most of the time. I go every week to examine and perfect, and while the mother, brother and my scholar sit by, read or tell of what our Saviour's mission was. Thus the Master leads the way, and who knows but this affliction may be the means of bringing salvation to the whole family?

BRAZIL.

Miss Dascomb, Sao Paulo, October 6, writes very encouragingly of the girls' school at that place.

Miss Eva Da Gama sailed from New York, August 5, to return to her mission in Rio Claro, Brazil.

We arrived in Rio Claro September 16, after a very pleasant journey. At the depot we met many old friends, who were overjoyed to see us again. To us it seemed more like a dream than a reality that we were here again, among those with whom we had worked for so many years. It was really a great privilege to meet so many again in this world. The Catholics and Protestants have both given us a warm welcome, and many have expressed a wish that we would remain with them. The mission has decided that we take charge of the boarding-school, and the work we had before we left.

Through some carelessness on board the boat the salt water deluged the cargo, and father lost more than half of his library, together with all our sheet music, some clothing and my fancy work, etc. Five or eight hundred dollars would not make good the loss, and we see no way of recovering anything It is very hard for us, as many of the articles are much needed.

Miss S. A. Dale, Rio Claro, to the Golden Rule Mission Band, Saginaw, Michigan.—I was so rejoiced when I read of "the mite" your society had given, and these words which were addressed to the church of Philadelphia, in Revelation, came to my mind: "I know thy works; behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it, for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name." What golden opportunities you should make for yourselves, remembering that if we on the field are the Ruths, you are the Naomis, who guard the home and strengthen us by words of love and cheer in our work. God bless your "little part," and make it grow like the mustard seed, and double itself in the present year.

Sebastiana is thirteen and has been with us three years, but pleaded so hard to stay another three that we consented; and I was the more anxious as she was developing quite a liking for teaching, helping me so much in the arithmetic classes of young children. While I was writing this she came into my room with my lamp she had cleaned so nicely (for this is Saturday and they learn to do housework to-day), and when I told her of your society, of the little girls but eight years old who were working for our Master, her eyes brightened and she said so gladly, "I want to be theirs."

The Lord deal by your Golden Band as you deal by her in faithful prayers and works! What a glorious work this is! and I feel at

times so incompetent, but then I remember that it is our God who has said, "Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, for I am with thee to deliver thee."

JAPAN.

Miss A. E. Garvin sailed from San Francisco September 28, and arrived at Yokohama October 19. With Miss Hesser, she is to have charge of the new school for girls in Osaka. She writes of her arrival in Japan:

Here we are at last in the "Sunrise Kingdom;" we sighted land last Thursday morning about nine o'clock, and a little after three P.M. anchored in Yedo Bay. We have decided to remain here until we receive advices from Mr. Alexander at Osaka.

The time spent here and at Tokio, besides being very pleasant, will be profitable to us. If we are delayed three weeks or more we shall at once begin the study of the language, observe the workings of the schools, and perhaps may find an opportunity of being of use to some one. We shall be very glad, however, when the time comes for us to begin our own work.

The "Gallic" sailed for Hong Kong Saturday morning at daybreak. We had been told by the steward that the vessel would not sail till ten o'clock, and we were greatly disappointed at not seeing our friends off. Not a good-by greeting passed between any of us. Having been so constantly and so enjoyably together for four weeks past, this sudden separation seems strange. We are indeed highly pleased with our adopted country. May our dear Lord give us such a love for this people that we may be able to lead them to the knowledge of a better life! They are in such woeful ignorance of it. If only they could be told and made to understand the true way I am sure they would believe, for they are not slow in accepting anything which promises advantage.

We became acquainted on the steamer with a young Japanese, who was returning from England, where he has been for the last five years studying the English language. It is a pitiable fact that during all his sojourn in that Christian country, no one cared enough for his soul to interest him in the Bible. He told me that he had never read but very little in it. He no longer holds to his country's religion—is virtually a skeptic.

Mrs. True, Tokio, September 19.—School began August 21, but we did not begin the English work until September 8. It was a great delight to us to see how well the teachers in charge during our absence had cared for the girls, and how well the work which had been left for the servants had been done.

Miss Davis, Tokio, September 25, writes of the "deep-rooted and very general conviction in the minds of the Japanese that selfish motives mingle with those that induce missionaries to leave

their native land and come to foreign countries. Even the Christians have it sometimes, though perhaps hardly acknowledged to themselves, and share the feeling that the desire to see such a charming country, or being paid well for it, or *something*, must be at the bottom of our being here."

Miss C. T. Alexander, Yokohama, October 6.—This autumn we begin our all-day sessions in the schools under the most favorable circumstances. The original mission-school is full to overflowing with children of the tradespeople in the neighborhood. All are of a respectable class, as things are in Japan in these latter days. Although the tea season is about over, the tea school continues full, and the Mote-machi school is being decidedly improved in every way. I have one of my own girls engaged in it, and we are beginning to make it what it should be. I wish you could see our pretty house and garden; it is not large, having but five rooms in it, but it is singularly well adapted for our needs. It was the home of the lady from whom we rent it, and was built under her personal supervision. In consequence it has conveniences that only a lady would be likely to plan, which is a great consideration in renting a house in Japan. The garden, too, was once her pride, and now needs only a little attention to keep it looking well.

CHINA.

Miss H. Noyes, Canton, September 26—Last Sabbath was our communion season in the Second Church. There were only three additions. The scholars from the training-school and the boarding-school are now scattered to their different homes. Two of the women who have been in school for some months wished to apply for baptism, but it was thought best for them to wait until the next time. There were several applicants for baptism from among the women in the hospital, and some of them will doubtless be received at the next communion season. One of our elders who has been failing for some time seems now very near death. He is an excellent man, and has for many years shown to those about him a most beautiful example of a consecrated Christian life. It seems as though the church cannot spare him, but God knows best, and His ways are not as ours. His wife is also a Christian.

The city has been quite full the past few weeks with students and their attendants who have been here attending the triennial literary examinations. To-day the examination closes and the degrees will begin, so there will be great excitement. The missionaries will be busy in distributing tracts to the students as they come out of the examination halls. A tract has just been published with the title "Discussions about the doctrine with a female teacher." An edu-

cated lady wrote a letter to one of her relations who wished to become a Christian. The letter is very well written indeed from her standpoint, and one of the Christian teachers, a man of fine education and a great deal of ability, has written a reply, and the two papers are published together in this tract. The church of the Baptist mission has contributed funds for publishing some thousand copies, and it is one of the books which will be distributed to-day.

PERSIA.

Miss Schenck, Teheran, September 9, gives an interesting account of a trip made during her vacation.

AFRICA.

Misses Nassau, Jones and Walker were all on their way from Liverpool to Gaboon from latest advices. The same letters tell us of the death of Mrs. Charity Menkel, of the Gaboon mission.

Mrs. Rachel A. Wardsworth, Alexander High School, Liberia.—During the past thirteen months I have been laboring in this school as an assistant teacher. The pupils are children of the farmers and of the aborigines in the neighborhood. Two of our first young men have recently manifested a spirit to become candidates for the gospel ministry, and one of them is an aboriginal, a wild heathen boy not many months ago. This is particularly pleasing and cheering to me when I reflect how few ministers we have over here, and the harvest is so great and inviting. I pray God daily to impress more of the minds of our pupils with this holy calling. At the close of our last term we were blessed with a revival of religion in this settlement. As a result many of our pupils were brought to a saving knowledge of the Saviour, and seven promising boys united with us. Our present number of boys and girls enrolled is sixty-seven. The school is taught in an old house called the Town Hall, which the settlers gave us free of charge during the year. We often suffer in our work for want of proper books. There is nothing like a bookstore in Liberia We need them also in the Sabbath-school, particularly singing books. If we could get some Gospel Hymns, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, we should be very thankful. During the week I often visit among my own sex and find frequent opportunities of speaking a word for my Master. This is the rainy season, a time of suffering and privation among the very poor. I administer what I can out of my slender means. I am deeply sensible of the great honor and privilege I enjoy in being a Christian missionary; and to be one in deed and in truth is the burden of my soul.

For the Young People.

"MAKING THE BEST OF IT."

THE auxiliary of the East End Church was at a very low ebb. So little interest was taken in missionary work, so few attended the meetings, that the ladies who were trying to keep up the society were almost discouraged. Everything possible was done to make the meetings "interesting," but the attendance grew "small by degrees and beautifully less." The ladies wondered and wondered about it. Sometimes half the time was taken up wondering why more did not come, remarking that "our church is far behind Dr. Denny's in these matters," and suggesting that it was not much use trying to keep up these meetings any longer. Then it was very easy for a professional croaker to go a step farther, and lament the deadness of the Church as a whole—"Ah, we're not what we were in dear Mr. Oldfather's days!"—and by that time the meeting would be in a rather limp condition.

When bright little Mrs. Murray was elected president she labored hard to infuse new life into the society, but for some time with very poor success. One day a new idea about the meetings came into her head, and she ran in to talk it over with Hattie Blair, the secretary.

"Hattie, how do you think it would do to divide the exercises among several ladies instead of the officers doing everything, making the arrangements previous to the meeting, you understand? It would give more a personal interest in the meetings, and so perhaps have a good effect upon the attendance."

"I think it is an excellent plan, if you can only get it into operation," Hattie replied.

"Well, let us try. Let us get up the January meeting now. It is 'general summary.' Suppose we have some little thing read or told about each country; not statistics, you know. For instance, you have a copy of the last letter from Miss ———, to whom our money goes. That will be read in the South America month. Then Mrs. Price told me lately that she had just received from her cousin in San Francisco a very interesting letter giving a great deal of information about the Chinese there. She also sent some Chinese pictures and curiosities. I thought we might ask

Mrs. Price to bring them to the meeting, and read to us as much of the letter as she wished."

"That will be very nice. What would you think of asking Miss Chew to give us a resumé of Dr. Ellinwood's lecture on the Dark Continent, which she heard at Asbury Park? She was extremely enthusiastic about it, and, you know, tells things very well."

"That is an excellent suggestion. Can you think of anything else?"

"The other evening at a tea party I was very much interested in what Miss Cummings said about Miss Bird's 'Unbeaten Tracks in Japan,' which she has just been reading. How would it do to ask her to take the Japan month?"

"It would do very nicely. You arrange the matter. Everything must be brief, you know. Then for the other months we will be provided with short articles or items. I have some laid by. Then I think I will ask Mrs. Suters and Mrs. Walker to be prepared to lead in prayer. Hattie, I wish some time you would do that."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Murray, please don't ask me! I know I ought to do it, and wish I could, but really cannot," said Hattie, looking very much distressed.

"Well, well, never mind. Perhaps some time you will feel differently about it. I have already asked my cousin Cora to bring two or three of her young friends and lead the singing. I am anxious to get some of the young girls interested. So if everything goes well we will have a good meeting, and it may be a start for us."

Up to the last moment everything seemed to go well. The ladies all promised to do what they were asked, and the pulpit notice was slightly intensified. Mrs. Murray and Hattie reminded everybody they came in contact with about the meeting; but when the day came unfortunately it was not missionary meeting weather, being cloudy and threatening rain. Mrs. Murray half sighed as she thought of certain neuralgias and rheumatisms she had frequently heard mentioned.

As she approached the church she saw Bennie Price practicing gymnastics on the steps, and her prophetic soul told her he was there with a message from his mother. So it proved to be.

"Mamma is very sorry, but she can't come this afternoon; company's coming to tea. She sent these."

The assembled multitude in the church parlor consisted of old Mrs. McNally, who was warming her feet at the heater; Miss Wirt, a constant attendant—but one whom somebody had characterized as a sponge, because she only absorbed—in a remote

corner, and an intelligent-looking lady—a stranger—in an isolated position near a window. After speaking to the others Mrs. Murray went over and pleasantly greeted this last lady, asking if she was not a stranger.

"Yes," she replied; "Miss Umstead, from B——. I attended this church last Sabbath, and hearing a notice of this meeting thought I should like to come."

Mrs. Murray assured her of a hearty welcome, and then was going to say something about the probable slim attendance, attributing it to the weather, but concluded not to make any apologies. On the table there was a note from the treasurer stating that she could not be present, but that there was nothing to report anyhow. Just then Hattie came in very much flurried by rapid walking, and whispered, "Oh, Mrs. Murray, isn't it too bad! I called for Miss Cummings, and she has one of her awful sick headaches, and can't come."

"I'm very sorry," Mrs. Murray said. "I'm afraid we are going to be disappointed all around. But here is Cora. How do you do, Cora? Where are the girls?"

"Why, Cousin Ellen, they went to the matinée. You know," she added, deprecatingly, "they never heard the Quintette Club;" and seeing her cousin's look of regret she refrained from mentioning that she came pretty near going to the matinée herself.

"I don't believe Mrs. Suters will be here," said Hattie, "for her baby is very sick."

"She is certainly excusable," said Mrs. Murray; but so disappointed was she at the failure of her plans that when she stooped down behind the organ to take off her overshoes she could not keep back a few scalding tears. But she wiped them away, and put up a silent prayer for strength and guidance.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Hattie, in an irritated undertone; "it's after three o'clock now, and there are only six here. It has begun to rain, and I don't believe another soul will come. How provoking it is! What *shall* we do?"

"Do?" said Mrs. Murray, who had rapidly resolved on a plan of operations. "Why, we *shall just make the best of it.*" Now, Hattie, I want you to help me move the red-covered table nearer the window, and put on it our maps, Mrs. Price's picture, the hymn books and Bibles. A Bible for each person, mind." This was done, and then Mrs. Murray said, in her bright, cheery way, "Now, ladies, won't you all come and sit around the table? It will seem more social if we get close together," never saying a word about their being "few in number," or that "the weather had probably prevented some from coming." In her opening prayer she did not use the phrase, "Where two or three are gathered together,"

nor in any way call attention to the fact that the meeting was small, but just proceeded as if there were a hundred present. With Cora's valuable assistance the singing was very enjoyable, and the Bible-reading of commands and promises, which Mrs. Murray had carefully prepared, was made exceedingly interesting by all taking part, the ladies reading in turn the passages as they were called for. After the minutes were read and the secretary had stated there was no business before the meeting—at which the president mentally rejoiced, because in case there had been she would have been obliged to state there was not a quorum—Mrs. Murray spoke of the proposed arrangement of taking up in turn the subjects for the year and devoting a short time to each. She led off by reading some extracts from Dr. Judson Smith's "China and Christian Missions" in the *Missionary Herald.* Hattie had brought several late magazines containing illustrated articles about Mexico. From these she read a few well-selected paragraphs, and the ladies looked at the pictures. When India was mentioned old Mrs. McNally exclaimed, "Ah! I used to hear a deal about India when I lived in Glasgow."

"How was that?" Mrs. Murray asked, eagerly.

Then it came out that many years ago the old Scotch woman had lived as an "upper servant" in the family of a retired East Indian officer, and had heard from them a great deal about their surroundings in India. Of course it was life in India from a British standpoint; but one wishes to learn about these countries from different standpoints, so the ladies were very much interested in Mrs. McNally's reminiscences. Glasgow suggested Dr. Norman McLeod and his opinions of India missions.

When Siam was taken up Miss Umstead came to the front. For more than fifteen years she had corresponded with a school friend who had married a missionary and gone to Bangkok. Her friend's letters were apparently very graphic, and lost nothing from the way Miss Umstead retailed their contents. In connection with this Mrs. Murray read a short description of the Laos country. She was a little puzzled what to do about Africa, as, depending upon Miss Chew being present, she had brought nothing, but Miss Umstead was abundantly able to fill up the gap here. She had, not long before, paid a visit to a friend who was also entertaining the family of one of our missionaries home from Africa, and from them had obtained a very accurate idea of life in their part of that country.

"What an awfully hard time Dr. Livingstone must have had!" said Cora. "Papa is reading Dr. Blaikie's 'Personal Life of Livingstone,' and he's so interested that he is always reading little bits aloud to the rest of us;" and she mentioned several things

which had struck her attention particularly. Then Mrs. Murray said she had been reading Stanley's "Dark Continent" with her boys. Other books were talked over until it seemed as if instead of having nothing about Africa that they would have a great deal more than time would allow.

"When you talk of the 'Dark Continent' and about the gospel being taken there," said Mrs. McNally, "I always think of that hymn, 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.'"

"Let us sing a verse of that," suggested Mrs. Murray, seizing upon the opportunity to vary the exercises.

"Our next subject," she announced, "is the North American Indians. By some oversight I have nothing to read. Can any of the ladies supply the deficiency?"

There was a dead silence.

"You know," she continued, "we have missionaries laboring among the different tribes, the Creeks, the Seminoles, the Nez Perces, the Senecas and—and—others."

"Are they all out in Indian Territory?" asked Cora.

"Oh, no! The Senecas are in western New York."

"What!" Cora exclaimed; "foreign missions in New York!"

"Yes, and in Pennsylvania too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Do you know how many stations our Foreign Board has among the Indians at present?" Miss Umstead asked.

"No, I do not," Mrs. Murray answered, hesitatingly.

"Where is Miss McBeth's celebrated school?" inquired Hattie.

"Somewhere in Idaho, I *think*," replied Mrs. Murray. "Miss Umstead, can you tell us when missionaries were first sent by our church to the Indians?"

"No," she answered, regretfully; "I really do not know."

"I wish," said Mrs. Murray, "I could remember *exactly* where our mission stations are. If those 'Historical Sketches' were only ready!"

"I think," said Hattie, laughing. "we might as well give up all these conundrums. We don't appear to know much about our own Indians."

"Positively I'm ashamed of my ignorance," Mrs. Murray declared, energetically. "I had no idea I *was* so ignorant. When I go home I shall sit right down and study out the North American Indians. I shall learn the tribes, the stations, the missionaries, the dates off by heart. It is a disgrace to know more of India and Africa than of our own country."

"Don't you think," said Miss Wirt, in her timid way, "that it would be well to take up the Indians in one of the winter months, as we have no meeting in July?"

"A good suggestion," said Mrs. Murray. "We'll have them next month. Just a little of China and a great deal of the Indians."

"Well," said Hattie, with heightened color and quick-drawn breath, "we know that there *are* Indians and missionaries, and if we can't talk intelligently about them we *can* pray for them. Let us have a special prayer for them," she added, kneeling down.

This was a joyful surprise for Mrs. Murray, and she was glad that their ignorance of the Indians had been so manifest, since it had had the effect of unsealing long-closed lips. The remainder of the topics passed off very nicely. They were all well posted on Japan, as persons can hardly help being in these days; knew something about Persia; were abundantly able to quote Dr. Jessup and Miss Loring on Syria, and had Mrs. Price's California letter and pictures.

"Do you know," exclaimed Mrs. Murray, looking at her watch, "it is after five? It is so bright in here I did not notice how dark it has become outside."

"You know we lit the gas six months ago," said Cora, laughing—"lit it when we were on the Dark Continent."

"It has been a short two hours," said the old Scotch woman.

Mrs. Murray did not know exactly what to do about a closing prayer. She, Mrs. McNally and Hattie had already led in prayer. Miss Wirt never did, and Cora was out of the question. Perhaps Miss Umstead might if she was asked, but it was risky to ask her, as many earnest and intelligent missionary workers are embarrassed if called upon to pray in public. Mrs. Murray finally concluded to give a general invitation, which, if not responded to, she would close the meeting herself.

"Will some one lead us in a closing prayer?" she asked.

Miss Wirt (*the sponge*), as though she had been waiting for the opportunity, immediately responded, and when Mrs. Murray heard the earnest pleadings which, though uttered tremblingly, showed that many "five to six" and other hours had been spent in praying for missions, she felt bitterly rebuked for entertaining any slighting thoughts of this good woman. When she closed Miss Umstead's strong, even tones continued the petitions, and before they could rise from their knees *Cora*, who had never been to a woman's prayer-meeting in her life before, offered a little prayer. Just a few stammering words, broken in the middle by a childish sob, but all the more touching and impressive for that.

"You dear child!" Mrs. Murray whispered afterward.

"Oh, Cousin Ellen, I couldn't help it. When everybody else prayed I wanted to say something too. You cannot imagine how this meeting has made me feel! I'm always coming after this."

When the ladies shook hands with Miss Umstead, thanked her for coming and invited her to come again she said, "This meeting has been the greatest help and encouragement to me. It has given me fresh spirit to work in my little corner."

"Well," said Hattie, as she and Mrs. Murray walked home together, "that was one of the best meetings we ever had, and it would have been just as easy as anything to have killed it. As it was we all got so thoroughly warmed up I should not wonder if the glow would spread."

It did. That was the beginning of a revival of the East End auxiliary. E. L. B.

At Home.

THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord."—Rev. xi. 15.

THE world for Jesus—reverently
  Before Thy throne we fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
  And crown Him Lord of all.

The world for Jesus—earnestly
  We'll work as well as pray,
With armor bright maintain the fight,
  Till victory crowns the day.

The world for Jesus—patiently
  The cross below we'll bear,
Till, suffering o'er, we lay it down,
  The crown above to wear.

The world for Jesus—joyfully
  We lift our waiting eyes,
To wondrous signs upon the earth,
  To wonders in the skies.

The world for Jesus—gloriously
  The shout shall rise, amen,
The Lord, the God omnipotent,
  On earth has come to reign.

—*Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford.*

"CHRIST still sits over against the treasury, and your perishable money put into His hand in the right spirit will be transmuted into an incorruptible crown, reserved in heaven for you."

A SABBATH AFTERNOON WITH THE CHILDREN.

LAST Sunday, I wandered slowly down the street. I was so oppressed with some scenes of sin and misery which had been brought to my notice that I could not stay in doors. "So much to be done! so much to be done! and I so weak! was it worth while trying to help?" Over and over again the question rang in my mind, and, dispirited, I could neither check nor answer the oft-repeated inquiry. As I walked sadly along, the sound of children's voices came sweetly to my ears. Soothed by the melody, I drew nearer, when these words sung forth startled me:

> "Go work in my vineyard;
> There's plenty to do."

I entered the bright Sabbath-school room, alive with the little faces. Did they know what they were saying, singing so gladly? It is God's work, said the Spirit, and I sat down to listen to the whole message.

Six little ones seemed to step forth from the song and stand before us. "Surely the isles shall wait for me," said the little golden-hair, and its fulfillment in Madagascar, Sandwich Islands and Japan was noticed by the next little girl; and then from the third came the thanks, "Praise ye the Lord," "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Slowly the fourth child stepped forward, and glancing at her comrades in front, said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." How great sounded the request of those before her; even of the parents assembled. Often had I read and heard the verse, and it seemed overwhelming in its demands. But I had forgotten the next child, who was now saying, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Ah, there was the key to it. It is with Christ that I am to battle in this world. Again were His praises lisped by the last child.

The reports that followed I scarcely heard, but was roused by the song, "Give, said the little stream," as class by class they marched up with their missionary offerings. "All has been earned by the children's own efforts," said the superintendent, and their emphatic little nods confirmed his words.

China seemed the subject, and a bright boy stepped to the map, and with his long pointer and engaging voice carried us there, and through the broad land, among the multitudes of people. He showed us the great wall, the marvellously high mountains, canals, cities, etc., lingering at the few mission stations, as though by his love he would enlarge and multiply them, and comfort and strengthen the few brave souls there.

A little girl with proud, happy eyes, read her letter from a little heathen child whom they were supporting. It was her answer, and full of a strange wonder that so much love had come to her from way across the water. Love! poor little one, she seemed not to have known what it meant before, and to be almost overcome by its tenderness now. Here the infant class sang "Jesus loves me, this I know." The letter had been prefaced by a few cheery words from her missionary teacher. How they ask for our prayers, and yet how much stronger they seem than we. Truly they seem to exemplify those lines—

> "Go bury thy sorrows,
> Let others be blessed;
> Go, give them the sunshine,
> Tell Jesus the rest."

Now a young girl read an essay telling of their customs in heathendom, their religion and the work Christians are accomplishing among them. She hardly read it, but told it, and her earnest eyes enforced the appeal that we would be God's workers in this grand and fruitful vineyard.

A teacher and her class came before us, each child bearing some curiosity from China land, which she displayed and explained at the close of her answer to her teacher's question.

What have the Chinese invented? They invented the mariner's compass, gunpowder, printing, and the manufacture of porcelain, paper, silk and clocks.

"Jennie, can you tell us anything which we eat, drink, wear or use, that comes from China?"

"We get tea, rice, cocoanuts, silks, fans, pottery and carvings from China."

"Ethel, would you like to be a little Chinese girl?"

"No, because they have to let their finger-nails grow so long that they can hardly use their hands, and they have to wear their shoes so small that they cannot use their feet."

"Do the Chinese children keep the fifth commandment?"

"They reverence their parents while living and honor them when dead."

"Are there many people in China?"

"If all the persons in the world were placed in a row, every third one would be Chinese."

"Do all these people live on land in China?"

"Nearly three millions of them live on boats, or in houses on rafts, or floating gardens in the canals or rivers."

"Annie, do they love little girls in China?"

"They do not love girls as much as boys, and when the parents get poor they sell their daughters for money."

"Carrie, are there many missionaries in China?"

"We have in Chicago over two hundred ministers and more than six thousand Sabbath-school teachers to tell us about Jesus; but we send them only one missionary for twice as many people as live in our city."

As they took their seats all eyes were turned towards an anteroom, from which a miniature Chinese was advancing, led by a blue-eyed American. The little Chinese sang that appeal from all heathen, "Tell me the old, old story" and then clearly and sweetly sang the fair one beside her, "I love to tell the story." A gentleman addressed the children. His cordial, hearty ways interested them, but I know not what he said. I left, but no longer to walk listlessly about. Were those little hands and feet busy with the Master's work, and should I stand idle? Were they satisfied with the fruits? I must have more of their child faith. Were they entrusting more to God's help than I? Ah! it is God's work. If He can wait for the results, surely I might wait with Him, and I'll leave with Him the responsibility.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. (John xii. 24.)

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
  Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
  It reaches its blooming time,
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
  Breaks into a thousand flowers:
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
  Is the fruit of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant
  That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
  As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
  In the place where it falls on the ground?
And fast as they drop from the dying stem
  Grow lively and lovely around.
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that springs from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
  The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes
  Where the birds that live lonely are?

Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
  And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
  And fishes the seas for their food;
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
  The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
  It silently sits in the brake,
For it saves its song till the end of life,
  And then in the soft still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
  It sings as it soars into heaven!
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies.
'Tis its only song—for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales—shall I tell you one
  A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
  Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above
  For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross
  And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine?

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,
  The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life in untold souls
  Lives in the world anew;
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
  As the stars fill the skies above—
He taught us to yield up the love of life
  For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life—His loss is our gain;
The joy for the tear—the peace for the pain.

Now these tales, ye weary and worn
  Who for others do give up your all,
Our Saviour hath told you, the seed that would grow
  Into earth's dark bosom must fall,
Must pass from the view and die away,
  And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seemed lost in the earth below
  Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear—the peace for the pain.

—*Rev. Henry Harbough, D.D.*

UNCLE JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

WHY didn't I see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much, and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars? Why, it is a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord. And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord. I am so glad that Brother Smith preached that sermon. He said we should all find it "a good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited." He asked us to try the experiment for one year—to "set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work." I thought it over. I thought about those Jews, and the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a close-fisted Jew I should have made had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had certainly raised from my farm, clear of all expenses, $1200. Three dollars is one four-hundredth part of $1200. The more I thought the wider I opened my eyes. Said I, "I am not quite ready for the Jew's one-tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works." I got a big envelope and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could put the $60 into it, said I, "Here goes for the Lord." It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done how good I felt over it! When this appeal came for foreign missions all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How He has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings and one-tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's funds up to $75, and if it does not I will make it up from something else.—*Recorder and Covenant.*

ZEAL IN HOME WORK.

MY care of our Friday P.M. meetings, when we take the Bible and Prayer Union chapter for the day, and my direction of the children's mission band, make me realize how little I know of either the Bible or missions, and long for leisure to devote to the earnest study of both, for this is "work which cannot be done in the swell of a hurrying tide," it seems to me. But after all He knows, and so I do what He would have me, and as He shall direct; what matters it though He *never* "give the work of my secret choice"? The "song of life" shall still "blend with the thrill of the Master's voice," and *His* choice for us be ever more and more our own!

I hardly know what I shall do without hearing from and writing to you about our missionary, for you know I am not the secretary, not even the assistant or regularly appointed *pro tempore*, but I am pretty good to fill up a gap, I believe! No, a better explanation of what I find myself wondering about occasionally is that our dear Lord knew that I had need of just such loving service as this has given me; need, too, of knowing you and other earnest workers in His vineyard. It puzzles me a little to know how I can give up the work.

CURRENT LITERATURE AND MISSIONS.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN INDIA. A series of instructive articles by Rev. E. Warren Clark, profusely illustrated. *The Word, The Work and The World*, November, 1882.

DOM PEDRO'S DOMINION, by Frank D. Y. Carpenter. *Lippincott's Magazine*, November, 1882.

EDUCATION IN CHINA, by Prof. W. T. Harris. *The Chautauquan*, November, 1882.

HOW ENGLAND BECAME CHRISTIAN, by Dr. Blackburn. *The Chautauquan*, November, 1882.

THE MISSIONARY HERITAGE OF THE PRESENT GENERATION. A paper read by Secretary E. K. Alden, D.D., at the meeting of the American Board. *Missionary Herald*, November, 1882.

THE INDIANS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND WHAT IS DONE FOR THEM. A paper read by Secretary J. O. Means, D.D., at the meeting of the American Board. *Missionary Herald*, November, 1882.

PROGRESS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS IN 1880–1881. A review of the work of one hundred missionary societies, with full statistics. *The Missionary Review* for 1882.

WOMAN'S MISSION BOARDS AND WORKS. Brief statistics of twenty-two societies. *The Missionary Review*, November, 1882.

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN POET, by Rev. C. W. Park, late of Bombay. *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, November 11, 1882.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA. From Dr. Dod's "Mohammed, Buddha and Christ," with illustrations of Medina and Mecca. *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, November 11, 1882.

RAILWAYS IN MEXICO, by M. Romero. *International Review*, November, 1882.

EARLY CALIFORNIA MISSIONS, by Mrs. E. M. Brackett. *Our Continent*, November 15, 1882.

PERSIAN DUALISM, by Elizabeth Robins. *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1882.

TEN YEARS OF THE SYRIA MISSION, by Rev. O. J. Hardin. *The Foreign Missionary*, December, 1882.

MY ADVENTURES IN ZUNI, by Frank H. Cushing. *The Century Magazine*, December, 1882.

THE COREAN ORIGIN OF JAPANESE ART, by William Elliot Griffis. *The Century Magazine*, December, 1882.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES, I. *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, December, 1882.

A HINDOO CONCEPTION OF JESUS CHRIST. From Keshub Chunder Sen's Lectures on Christ and Christianity. *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, December, 1882.

REV. A. B. ROBINSON.

PERRYSBURG, O.

W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.

1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TOPICS FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

Monday.—Thanksgiving and praise for the wonderful blessing of God's Spirit upon the work of foreign missions during the past year, and prayer for a yet richer outpouring in the year to come.

Tuesday.—Humble confession of past shortcomings, and prayer that the Holy Spirit may move the hearts of the women of the Church to a sense of their great responsibility in the foreign mission work and a new obedience to their King's command.

Wednesday.—Prayer for a baptism of the Spirit upon the youth and children, in order to a supply of workers at home and missionaries abroad.

Thursday (morning).—Prayer that the whole Church, in its ministry and membership, may be filled with the Holy Spirit.

Thursday (afternoon).—Prayer for missionaries in their peculiar trials and difficulties, that the Spirit's grace and presence may be with them.

Friday.—Prayer that the divine Spirit may overrule the conduct of all nations and governments, both Christian and heathen, toward the spread of the gospel.

Saturday.—Prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh, and that His power may be with the Word wherever read or taught.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER-MEETING.

Assembly Room, January 16, 1883, 12 m.

Conscientiousness in Christian giving. *Text*—"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. iii. 10).

Missionary Exercises for the use of Sunday-schools and mission bands. Price, 30 cents. Address Mr. John A. Black, Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We hope to receive subscriptions as promptly as possible this new year, from both old friends and new. The volume begins with January, and now is the best time to subscribe. By waiting, these friends may lose some numbers which will be needed. Will not each old subscriber bring a new one with her this year?

WILL not every one who sends us money refrain from sending postage stamps if it is possible? We are sure they would if they knew the inconvenience the stamps cause to those who receive them in the place of money.

HELPS FOR WORKERS.

Historical Sketches of the Missions of the Board of Foreign Missions (each Sketch 10 cts.),	$0 50
Historical Sketch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society,	1
Missionary Atlas ($1 per dozen),	10
Missionary Hymns ($1 per dozen),	10
Collectors' Cards,	1
Collectors' Envelopes, per 1000,	1 00
Asking too Much (10 cts. per dozen),	1
Not for the Heathen merely, but for Christ (per dozen),	6
Giving like a Little Child (per dozen),	6
At Home and Abroad,	1
Hour of Prayer (10 cts. per dozen),	1
Medical Mission Work,	1
Constitutions for Presbyterial Societies,	free.
Constitutions for Auxiliary Societies,	"
Hints for Organization of Auxiliaries,	"
Medical Missions,	"
A Few Suggestions,	"
Presbyterial Societies,	"
Married Missionary Ladies,	"
How the Money Goes,	"
Our Commission, Human and Divine,	"
Our Younger Sister,	"
The Monthly Concert,	"
Twelfth Annual Report,	15
Foreign Missionary Catechism (25 cts. per dozen),	3
Scrap Book Pictures, 12 in the set (5 duplicate sets for $1),	25
Suggestions Concerning Young Ladies' Mission Bands,	5
Young People's Pledge Cards,	1
Our Mission Band (20 cts. per dozen),	2
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A Chinese Wheelbarrow,	1
Our Jesus (hymn and tune), per doz.,	10
Address to Boys and Girls,	free.
Constitution for Young People's Branch,	"
Constitution for Mission Bands,	"
Hints for Organization of Young People's Branch,	"
Mite Boxes, to bands connected with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Philadelphia (postage to be paid when sent by mail, 1 cent for 5 boxes),	free.

Large Maps for the use of Auxiliaries —Mexico, South America, West Africa, Syria, Persia, India, China, with Siam and Laos, Japan.

1. Rates, 25 cents for the use of each map. When ordered by mail 22 cents must accompany the order to prepay postage.

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[In the November *Woman's Work* "$1.00" was placed by mistake in the list after the maps. This set of maps is not to be sold, but hired for missionary purposes, according to the terms given.]

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Butler Pres., Summit Ch., Pa.
Lehigh Pres., Chain Dam, Pa.
Redstone Pres., Scottdale, Pa.
St. Clairsville Pres., Birmingham and Coal Brook Ch., Ohio.
Westminster Pres., Marietta, Pa.

BANDS.

Atlantic City, N. J., Seaside Band.
Washington College, Tenn., Y. L. B.
New Bethlehem, Pa., Star of Bethlehem.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Bailey, Mrs. Hobart K.
Cooper, Miss Frances H.
Crosser, Mrs. Elizabeth
Elmer, Miss M. J.
Fithian, Miss Phebe
Hungerford, Mrs. Sara P.
Lowry, Miss Belle
Milligan, Mrs. T. V.
Milligan, Miss Mary
Snodgrass, Rev. H. S.
Wallace, Mrs. M. E.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from Nov. 1, 1882.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ATHENS.—Logan Aux., 14 00

CHILLICOTHE.—Bloomingburg Aux., 7; Chillicothe, 3d, 5 54; Greenfield, 14 17; Hillsboro', 19; Marshall, 1 65; North Fork, 8; Washington C. H., 16 50; Wilkesville, 15 (86 86), for Miss'y Bogota; Highland Inst. Bd., for Leper Asylum, Sabathu, 30. 116 86

CINCINNATI.—Cincinnati, 7th, Aux., for L. M., 25 00

ELIZABETH.—Clinton Aux., 6 00

ERIE.—North East, Mrs. Margaret A. Reed, Sao Paulo bld'g, 200 00

HUDSON. — Goodwill Aux., Miss'y Sidon, 55 00

KITTANNING.—Appleby Manor, sch. Saharanpur, 30; Gilgal Aux., 10 50; Glade Run Aux., 16 17; Midway Aux., 18 83; Union Aux., 16 78; West Glade Run, B. R. Canton, 25. 117 28

LACKAWANNA. — Wilkesbarre, 1st, Mrs. Loops' Bd., for Sao Paulo bld'g., 50 00

MARION.—Mt. Gilead Aux., 24; Trenton Aux., B. R. Canton, 20; York Aux., 4 65. 48 65

NEWARK.—Bloomfield, 1st, Aux., Miss'y Canton, 1 50, sch'p Canton 30 (180); Westminster Aux., Miss'y, 62, S. S., sch. Canton, 55, Band 15 (132); Caldwell Aux., sch. Canton, 40; Hanover Aux., sch. Canton, 77; Montclair Aux., Miss'y Ratnagiri, 200; Newark, 3d, Aux., Miss'y Canton, 51; Central Ch. Aux., sch. Canton, 50; High St. Aux., Miss'y Canton, 45 30; Roseville Aux., Miss'y Sidon, 153 55. 1077 90

NEW BRUNSWICK. — Lawrenceville Aux., sch'p Beirut, 100; Pennington, S. S., sch'p Sidon, 40. 140 00

NEW CASTLE.—Glasgow Aux., 7 44; Head of Christiana Aux., 26; Rehoboth Ch., Pocomoke Bd., 30; St. George's Aux., sch'p Sidon, 40; Westminster Aux., 12; Wilmington, Hanover St. Aux., sch'p Kolapoor, 30. 142 69

NORTH PACIFIC BRANCH.—Corvallis, Mrs. Thos. Graham, th-off., 20 00

NORTH RIVER.—Poughkeepsie Aux. (50 for Canton), 75 60, Golden Rule Bd., sch'p Canton, 15, work Talaguga 12 (27), 102 60

NORTHUMBERLAND. — Elliott Aux., B. R. San Francisco, 50; Grove Ch., Aux., 18; Jersey Shore Aux., sch'p Beirut. 50; Lewisburg Aux., 23 24; Lycoming Ch., Aux. and Bd., 50; Mill Hall Aux., 11; Milton Aux., sending missionaries, 18; Washington Aux., sch'p Sidon, 23, Band, 33 30 (56 30); Williamsport, 1st, Aux., nat. tea. and sch. Lodiana, 100; 3d, Aux., Miss'y California, 50. 426 54

OCCIDENTAL BOARD. — E. Oakland Aux., work Nez Perces, 5 25; Santa Rosa, Loyal Hearts, for work Oroomiah, 6. 11 25

PHILADELPHIA.—Calvary Ch., Bessie Allen's mite box, 1 65: 1st Ch., Mrs. R. S. Dickinson and Miss McIlvaine, for sending missionaries, 100; Old Pine St., May Blossoms, sch'p Canton, 15; Tabor Aux., 8 60; 10th Ch., Aux., for building Jedaide, 50; Westminster Aux. and Bd., for sch. Syria, 60, work Syria, 28 70 (88 70). 263 95

PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL. — Bethlehem Ch., Miss S. F. Smith, for sending missionaries, 5; Green Hill, S. S., Miss'y Gaboon, 175; N. Broad St. Aux., Miss'y Persia, 150; Olivet Aux., nat. tea., Kolapoor, 50; Oxford Ch., Y. L. B., sch. Mexico, 25. 405 00

PHILADELPHIA NORTH.—Bristol Aux. (sch'p Dehra, 40,) 76 25: Doylestown Aux., Miss'y Shanghai, 60; Germantown, 1st, Aux., 97 50, S. S., 120, Inf. Sch., sch'p Allahabad, 15 (232 50); Germantown, 2d, Aux., sch'p Occidental Sch. San Francisco, 36; Market Sq., Teachers' Ass'n, sch'p Wewoka, 25; Wakefield Aux., 18 20; Hermon Aux., 25; Holmesburg Aux., 13 25; Jeffersonville, Collins Bd., sch'p (boy) Tungchow, 20; Jenkintown, Grace Miss. Bd., sending out missionaries, 3 50; Manayunk Aux., sch'p Teheran, 50; Norristown, Central, Aux., Miss'y Shanghai, 7, S. S., sch'p Dehra, 25 (32); Neshaminy, Warminster, Happy Workers, sch. Mexico, 20; Neshaminy, Warwick, Aux., 62. 673 70

REDSTONE.—Long Run, Star Bd., for Sao Paulo bld'g, 50; W. Newton, Earnest Workers, 4. 54 00

ST. CLAIRSVILLE.—Bellaire, 1st, Itinerating, Shantung Mission, 50; Cam-

bridge Aux., sch'p Dehra, 21; Concord, B. R. Lahore, 33; Lore City Aux., 6 50, Workers for Jesus, 3 50 (10) Miss'y Canton; Mt. Pleasant Aux., same, 25; New Castle Aux., same, 6 50; Nottingham Aux., 34 30; St. Clairsville Aux., Miss'y Canton, 50; Washington Aux., same, 8. 237 95

ST. LAWRENCE.—Brownville Aux., sch'p Sidon, 12 50: Adams Aux. (25 for L. M.), 42 33; Cape Vincent, 13; Oswegatchie 1st, 45; Waddington, 32 (132 33) for Miss'y Futtehgurh, 144 83

SHENANGO.—Neshannock Aux., Miss'y Japan, 29 25

STEUBENVILLE.—Bethesda Aux., 26; Corinth, 20: East Liverpool Aux., 40 55; Richmond, 21: Two Ridges Aux., 16 50, Little Jennie May's bequest, 43 cts. (16 93); Wellsville, 63 36 (187 84) for Miss'y California; Beech Spring, 15 12: Buchanan Chapel, 6, E. Liverpool, Cheerful Workers, 15, Buds of Promise, 5; Still Fork, 5 36; Waynesburg, 10 (56 48), for Miss'y Nez Perces; Steubenville, Miss. Bds. (Union), 5; Mrs. M. C. Beatty, 10; Uhricksville, sch. Saharanpur, 15; Pres. Soc. collection, 5. 279 32

SYRACUSE.—Syracuse, Park Aux., Miss'y Japan, 75 00

WASHINGTON CITY.—Falls Ch. Aux., 5; Washington, 1st, 12; Metropolitan, 15; North Ch., 625; Western, 10; West St. 15; Col. Pres. meeting, 1 75 (65) for Miss'y India; Met. Ch., Mateer Bd., sch'p Tungchow, 10, sch. Mexico, 10 (20); New York Ave. Aux., zenana visitor Lodiana, 150. 235 00

WEST JERSEY.—Cedarville Aux., 14; Wenonah Bd., 30. 44 00

ZANESVILLE.—Keene, Mrs. M. E. Wallace, L. M., 25, Mrs. Mary Wallace, 1, Miss Lucy Wallace, 1 (27); Jersey Aux., 24; Martinsburg, 16 80; Mt. Vernon, 25. 92 70

LEGACY.—Philadelphia, Mrs. E. J. Horner, dec'd, for Sao Paulo bld'g, 200 00

MISCELLANEOUS.—*For sending out missionaries*—Belle Vernon, Pa., F. C. E. 5, Canonsburg, Pa., a sister, 1 (6), Bellaire, O., Mrs. Jane M. Anderson, 10; Holmesburg, Pa., Nellie C. Pattison, 1 73, Agnes S. Pattison, 1 12, cash, 42 cts. (3 27); Frazeysburg, O., M. C. O., for Sao Paulo bld'g, 10; North Benton, O., C. A. Newton, for Jedaide bld'g, 3; Philadelphia, Miss Mary B. Mitchell, 1 40; M. B. M., for Sao Paulo bld'g, 5; "C. B. A. N. C.," same, 50; a friend, same, 2; Shelby, O., Mrs. M. M. Cummins, work Tungchow, 10; Sale of Historical Sketches, 19 18; Sale of Leaflets, etc., 18 77. 138 62

Total for November, 1882,	5,427 19
Previously acknowledged,	22,018 24
Total from May 1, 1882,	$27,445 43

The Young Ladies' Band, Columbia, Pa., has sent clothing to the Nez Perces Mission, valued at $21.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

December 1, 1882.

W. P. B. M. of the Northwest.

ROOM 48, MCCORMICK BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A DAY OF PRAYER.

THE officers of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest recommend to its auxiliaries that Saturday, January 13, of the Week of Prayer, be observed in fasting and prayer for Foreign Missions; and that the whole week be observed, as faithfully as possible, in the spirit in which it was first appointed by the missionaries in India, for the conversion of the world.

SUBJECTS OF PRAYER.

For our missionaries, that the Holy Spirit may work in and through them, so that many souls may be saved through their labors this year. For all Christian women in the church at home, that God will give to them the spirit of missions, and lead them to consecrate time and money to the spread of the gospel in foreign lands.

For our homes and Sabbath-schools—that the sons and daughters of the church be devoted to this cause.

PROMISES.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me (John xii. 32).

Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power (Ps. cx. 3).

I will pour my Spirit upon Thy seed, and my blessing upon Thine offspring (Isa. xliv. 3).

He is faithful that promised (Heb. x. 23).

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

EVERY thoughtful reader of our magazines, the *Interior* and the *Monthly Letters*, must have noticed a marked advance in the progress of mission work during the past year. Very cheering reports come to us from the stations under the care of the Board of the Northwest.

Our schools are full, and the patient, prayerful labor of the teachers has been rewarded by a goodly number of conversions. Children, well instructed in Bible truths, are returning to their heathen homes, carrying the word of God, and who can estimate the harvest from the seed they are sowing?

Conversion, in heathen lands, means something—it means active service—"Go tell!" is the watchword, and ignorant women, whose lips have been touched by the Holy Spirit, are repeating the story of the cross more eloquently than many Christians in our own land.

> "It needs the overflowing heart
> To give the lips full speech."

There seems to be no hindrance to the progress of the work, only as we are straitened in the means to carry it forward.

Not a letter from a missionary but comes from a crowded life, and it pains our hearts to turn a deaf ear to the story of what *could* be done were all Christian women alive to their privileges, and to the importance of the work. There is no lack of young, earnest, consecrated women who stand ready to go to heathen lands

We have had the pleasure of sending eight during the past year, and others are awaiting orders. Shall we send them? Last winter we were privileged to put a roof upon the new hospital in Oroomiah; and now, sixteen beds come under our care. They will always be filled with sufferers, sick in body and soul, and we must remember their needs and pray for their conversion.

The girls' school in Osaka, Japan, is new work undertaken this year, and our young missionaries, Miss Hesser and Miss Garvin, are already there to take charge. We must purchase a home and school building for them, and subscriptions should be coming in for that purpose at once.

We are publishing in the Benga language—spoken by millions of Africans—three books: the Second Reader, "Peep of Day," "Come to Jesus;" the last two have been printed in many languages, and are always greatly blessed of God.

New work has come to us in the girls' school in Tabriz, Persia, and in the city of Mexico; and we hope that a school may soon be opened in Zacatecas, where we have already invested money in buildings. These special objects will interest the Sabbath-schools and bands—you will help us, will you not, young people? The new year opens prosperously at home. Our treasury was never so full at this season as now. A Presbyterial Society has been organized in Dakota, and we see in the near future a missionary circle in every one of those rapidly-growing towns. Colorado is coming up nobly to the work, and we have good prospects in Montana. "Our societies are doing well," say the presbyterial secretaries in every state. We have no occasion for discouragement, but every reason to thank God and take courage.

> "The opening year Thy mercy shows;
> Let mercy crown it till it close."

Shall we not put self and pride far from us, and, taking a low place, exalt God, remembering always the Scripture command, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it"? A happy New Year to all our co-workers, at home and in heathen lands! The greatest joy experienced will be in working with Christ in saving souls. If we fill the year with such labor, we shall be truly happy.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A NEW YEAR LETTER AND MOTTO FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

EVERYBODY gets Christmas and New Year letters nowadays—even the patients in the hospitals have a "pillow mission," whose special object is to lay a printed letter on each pillow, to be opened Christmas morning. All these letters breathe love and encourage-

ment, in the spirit of the angels' song, "On earth peace, good will toward men." *Your* letter should be like this: a beautiful card as white as snow, and so attractive that it would *draw* the eyes from everything else to itself. This I would put in a simple envelope directed to your individual name. The card should be read and admired for its beauty, and then fastened up for use, where you will see it all the time, especially when you open your eyes first in the morning and close them last at night, and when you stand combing your hair and dressing for the day, or sit taking your meals. These are the words of your Christmas and New Year motto, HAVE FAITH IN GOD. (Please write them yourself, and place them where I suggest.) I think you have needed these words in the past. Your pillows would have been much softer and more soothing if you had always slept on them, and your days would have been brighter if your eyes had always opened on these words with the first rays of dawn. I think too that you will need them more than ever this coming new year. When the sun beats down on you in his solstitial fury, get under them. When the rain pours, use them as an umbrella. When Satan hurls fiery darts, put them up as a shield. When Goliath comes over the plain defying the armies of the living God (as he will), take these four little polished stones out of your shepherd's bag and hurl them between his very eyes! When you sit in the jail at night, with other prisoners of hope, your feet in stocks, that should be beautiful upon the mountains, your backs (fitted for brave burdens) sore with stripes, sing these words out loud! If you are hungry, eat them, and pass them round, even to the utmost bound of the multitude sitting on the grass.

If you are sick, they are good for anointing. If blind, they are an excellent eye salve. Also, used with the divine "Ephphatha," they have unstopped thousands of deaf ears. If you are lame, they are rod and staff. If faint and weak, they are an unfailing cordial, and as good to lean upon as everlasting arms. If you have lost your way, they will act like the mariner's compass—the needle never shakes. And when you are utterly perplexed and assailed on every side, and know not what else to do, you can run right into them, as to a little sanctuary, and stay there! You say the words are not new? All the better for that! Millions have tried them and proved them to be all they are recommended. They are peculiarly good for young missionaries to begin with, and the veteran of a thousand fields buckles them on with daily armor.

Will you notice that it says "*faith*"? And do you know that *doesn't* mean "sight"? It includes trust and patient waiting and perhaps painful discipline and present darkness, and a good deal of shaking off outside, and a good deal of holding on inside.

"*Faith!*" Study that word and get a good teacher, and practice "till your tongue lays down to it" (as the Nestorians used to say). And do you notice it is faith "*in God*"? Not in yourself, your plans, your improved methods, not your good works or your prayers, not in the saints, the officers of the Boards, the pastors and members of the home churches, or the native converts that you love, not in the apostles nor the prophets even, not in nature or in law or reason—but "*in God!*" Study *that* till your tongue lays down to it!

Beloved, because you are exceedingly dear, and your work unspeakably precious and important, and your needs very great, I give you this transcendent motto, with the greetings of the season, and missionary love and sympathy. SARAH J. RHEA.

P. S.—If any one besides the missionaries wishes to appropriate this motto, there will be no infringement of patent!

LAKE FOREST, ILL., JAN. 1, 1883. S. J. R.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Bellevue, Neb.
Frankfort, Ind., Mary Campbell Band.
Golconda, Ill.
Huron, D. Ter.
Litchfield, Ill., reorganized.
Marion, Ind.
McLeansboro', Ill.
Pontiac, Ill.
Rob Roy (Ind.), Beulah Church.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Martha Conant Bull, Annapolis, Md.
Mrs. J. B. Clark, Onarga, Ill.
Mrs. W. B. Ellis, Franklin, Ind.
Miss Eva Fisher, Peoria, Ill.
Miss Lizzie W. Irwin, Lincoln, Neb.
Miss Florence McDonald, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Mrs. Wm. Torrance, Franklin, Ind.
Mrs. Nancy Travis, Milford, Mich.
Mrs. Harriet Turner, Lincoln, Neb.
Mrs. A. R. Webber, Forest, Ohio.
Mrs. A. M. Wing, Mishawaka, Ind.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions for the Northwest, to Nov. 20, 1882.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ALTON.—Alton, 2; S. S., Laos boys' sch., 9 40; Jerseyville, Persian pastor's wife, 10; A lady, 50 cts.; Apple Blossoms, Laos, *special*, 14; Carlinville, Monterey, *special*, 19; Carrollton, B. R., 25; Plainview, 5; Waveland, 6; Virden, 43. 133 90

BELLEFONTAINE.—Upper Sandusky, H. M., 15 00

BLOOMINGTON. — Bloomington, 2d, Little Lights, 5; Buckley, sal. Mrs. Wardsworth, 28; Dwight, Persian sch., 10; Gibson City, 7 16; Onarga, 25; Ridgeville, Mrs. A. L. Gould, sal. B. R., 60; Towanda, 7. 142 16

CAIRO.—Olney, children, 66 cts.; Tamaroa, 5. 5 66

CEDAR RAPIDS.—Blairstown, 13 46; Band, 1 38; Clinton, 16; Linn Grove, 40; sal. Monterey, 10. 80 84

CHICAGO.—Arlington Heights, 10 38; S. S., 19 50; Austin, S. S., 6 13; Chicago, Friends for rent of room, 30; 1st, Persian sch., 5; Beirut sch., 43; Anonymous, Laos sch., 7; 2d, Tabriz sch., 23 30; S. S., pupil, Chefoo, 40; 4th, sal. Miss Greene, 67 55; sal. Miss Anderson, 38; Mothers' Mite Society, 4 85; Pioneers, Laos, 21; Lake Forest, 41; Y. P., *special*, Brazil, 8 38; Steady Streams, 14 55; S. S., Oroomiah, 30; Riverside, 17 50; Waukegan, Helping Hands, 25. 452 14

CRAWFORDSVILLE.—Dayton, 20 00

DAYTON.—Oxford, Western Female Seminary, 65 36

DETROIT.—Detroit, Mrs. A. S. Williams, 25; Milford, Mexico, 25; Sunbeams, Persian sch., 9; H. M., 25; Will Whipple Band, Persian sch., 6; Wing Lake Ch., *special*, Oroomiah, 15. 105 00

EMPORIA.—Eldorado, trans. of "Come to Jesus," 10; Newton, 6; "Shall they go?" fund, 6; H. M., 2; Peabody, 13 35; H. M., 6 65. 44 00

FORT DODGE.—Presbyterial gift, 9; Carroll, 6 50; Cherokee, Willing Workers, Laos, *special*, 18 75; Jefferson, Monterey, 5; Sioux City, Oroomiah, *special*, 15. 54 25

FORT WAYNE.—Fort Wayne, 2d, 14 40; W. Wayne Mission, 5 11; Goshen, Laos, sch., 12; Shanghai, *special*, 10; Persian sch., 3. 44 51

HURON.—Tiffin, Little Gleaners, Laos sch., 40 00

INDIANAPOLIS.—Franklin, sal. Mrs. Warren, 50; Greencastle, sal. Mrs. Bergen, 4; Indianapolis, 3d, sal. Mrs. Bergen, 40; 1st, sal. Mrs. Van Hook, 106. 200 00

IOWA.—Mediapolis, Band, Tabriz bl'g, 26; Mt. Pleasant, Highland Branch, Monterey, 25. 51 00

IOWA CITY.—Muscatine, Dehra, *special*, 30 00

LAKE SUPERIOR.—Oconto, Mrs. W. K. Smith's class for Benga books, 4 00

LANSING.—Marshall, Laos bld'g, 20 00

LARNED.—Burrton, 17 80

MAUMEE.—Toledo, 1st, 22; Weston, sal. Miss Fetter, 5. 27 00

MILWAUKEE.—Lima, Boardman Band, Chippewa, 9 10; Milwaukee Calvary Ch., Syrian sch., 37 50; Ottawa, 2 50; Waukesha, 8 75. 57 85

MONROE.—Eda, Mrs. M. C. Salter's class, Laos, 3 10; Monroe, India, 50. 53 10

OMAHA.—Omaha, 14 55; Schuyler, 5. 19 55

OTTAWA.—Aurora, 8; S. S., pupil, India, 6 25; Plato Ch., Benita, *special*, 20; Waltham, Benga books, 9 85. 44 10

PEORIA.—Ipava, Japan, 12 50; Knoxville, "Whatsover" Band, Benita, *special*, 20; Anonymous, 5. 37 50

ROCK RIVER.—Princeton, 25; Sterling, Benita, *special*, 5. 30 00

SCHUYLER.—Augusta, 15; McLean, Mrs. M. Noble, 2; Monmouth, 22; Perry, S. H. Stevenson, 1; Quincy, 28; Sciota, Mrs. J. M. Painter, Benita, *special*, 20; Warsaw, 16 47. 104 47

SOUTH OREGON.—Eugene, 12 00

ST. PAUL.—Minneapolis, Andrew Ch., S. S., *special*, Africa, 20; St. Paul, Dayton Ave. Ch., 46 84; House of Hope, 24; Central Ch., Y. L., Osaka bld'g, 15; Red Wing, 20. 125 84

WATERLOO.—Ackley, 26 cts.; Albion, 16; S. S., 7 19; Grundy Centre, 14 90; sal. Monterey, 5; Janesville, 8; Marshalltown, 18 85; Morrison, 8 80; Nevada, H. M., 10; Salem, 7 25; Tranquility Ch., 11 60; Unity Ch., 3; Whitten, 2. 112 85

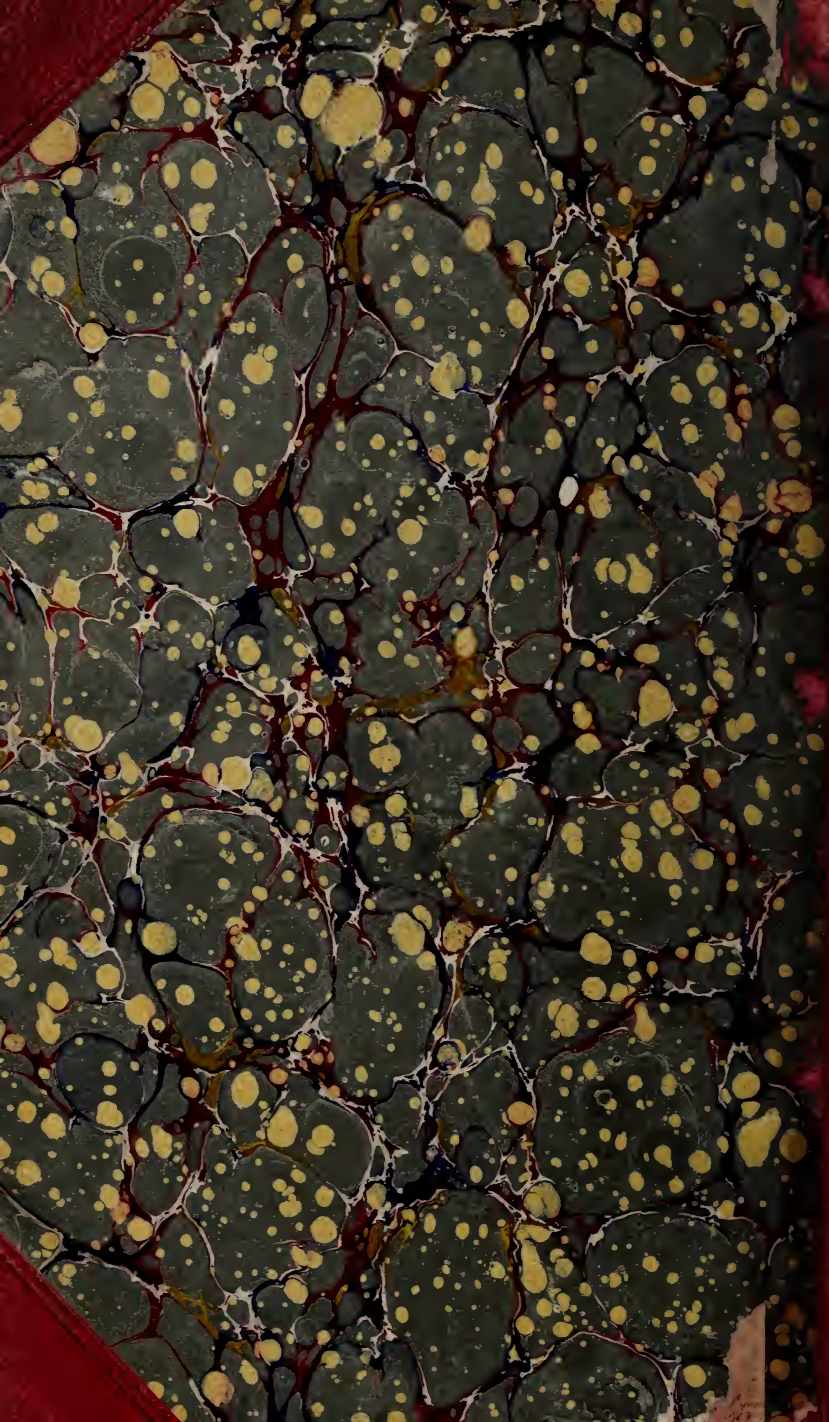
WINNEBAGO.—Ripon, H. M., 6 00

WISCONSIN RIVER.—Mineral Point, 2 52; Poynette, 1 50. 4 02

MEMORIAL FUND.—By sale of "A Brief Record," New Albany, 5 10; Miscellaneous, 9 65. 14 75

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mrs. H. L. Boardman, Weston, Mass., 2; sale of Historical Sketches, 5 20; Leaflets, 22 24; Societies—Hersman, Ill., 1; Knoxville, Ia., 1; Vincennes, Ind., 70 cts.; Birmingham, Mich., 1; Martin, Mich., 1; Blue Earth City, Minn., 1; Beatrice, Neb., 1; Omaha, Neb., 1; Pleasant Ridge, O., 1; Eugene, Ore., 1; Prairie du Sac, Wis., 1; Miscellaneous, 50 cts. (11 20) for pub. report. 40 64

Total for month,	$2,215 29
Previously acknowledged,	16,586 38
From April 20 to Nov. 20,	$18,801 57

MRS. HENRY M. HUMPHREY, *Treasurer*,
Room 48, McCormick Block.

CHICAGO, ILL., *Nov.* 20, 1882.